

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 23.—VOL. XXIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY, 13, 1811.

1171

AUGUSTUS;

OR,

THE BENEVOLENT RAMBLER.

By Sarah Wilkinson

Concluded.

In that respect I must remark, so far in the
of the land adv, that a person of your years
appearance might not be a lodger desirable
er: though humanity might at first suggest
propriety of giving you shelter. But when
found your friends did not make their ap-
pearance, was she not justifiable in thus behav-
ing? She could not wish to harbour a young
whom her friends were seeking; though
might not wish to betray you. Let me I
jare you, write to your father. Return
your friends. I will write to them
hope to procure a reconciliation. I will
main with you till the answer arrives. Your
dears may, perhaps, receive you without for-
giving you to a marriage against your wishes
where is your lover all this time?" "I have
come to him sir; but have received no answer
he wrote to my aunt, but without suc-
" Here the conversation was interrupted
loud knocking at the door, which William
ning, an elderly gentleman, and smart youth
eint odured. The young lady flew, and
ging her arms round the neck of the eldest
t to tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear
!" The old gentleman received her with
sports of paternal joy; while the young man
s severe and suspicious look at Augustus,
begged them to be seated related the acci-
that had occasioned their interview.
The young man was her lover who had taken
resolution of getting the father's consent to
company him in search of his beloved mis-
s, who was readily granted, as the pa-
s, anxious for their daughter, and repenting
their harshness gladly consented to their u-
The father would fain have reimbursed
Augustus for her expences; but this he was too
ant to accept. He was highly gratified with
unexpected meeting; and they parted with
and good wishes for each other's happiness.
Augustus slept all night at the Wheatsheaf,
the next morning resumed his journey. The
shone with brilliant splendour; the field
e covered with enlivening verdure; and the
singing melodious from their branches. His
m glowed with transport when he saw these
teous gifts of nature. "Why (said he)
ld man repine against his wise Creator? Is
our own deeds too often the occasion of our
ry? Man makes man his prey."
the midst of this reflection, he beheld a
led away to prison, amid the tears of his
y. Augustus, inquiring the cause, was
med it was for debt. "How much is the
" Six pounds, (answered the weeping
) Alas! sir I was very ill in the summer
my poor dear husband, regardless of my in-
es, would procure every thing he thought
for me, and did not pay the rent of our

cottage; in doing which we had always been
ery punctual. My landlord, (said he,) my dear
Robert, will surely have humanity to wait;
he will not drive hard for his rent when you
have been so ill. I have always paid him hon-
sly, and if God spares my life, always will.
But, O, my dear Sir, he has seized upon our
poor bits of goods, which being insufficient; my
poor soul must now waste his life in goal." "No
my good woman, there is the money for his
discharge; and I wish you more successful in
future." The good woman's heart thrilled so
with gratitude that she could not find words to
express her thanks. But Augustus hastily rode
off, without waiting for the numerous blessings
she was bestowing on him. The next obje-
that struck his eye, was a poor ass sinking un-
der his burden, while his master was lading
his back with strips. "Inhuman wretch, (said
Augustus) desist. How can you use the poor
beast so unmercifully?" The man with hor-
rid imprecations redoubled his blows. But the
poor animal was soon out of his power; for death
put an end to its misery. To what end is it or-
dained that this savage cruelty is so imprinted
in the human race? Heroes imbue their hands
in the blood of their fellow creatures, and call
it bravery: He rode several mile without meet-
ing any adventure worth notice. As the winter
was now approaching, he determined to return
to the metropolis. Accordingly, he sat out;
but had not travelled many miles when his
servant was taken ill of a violent fever. He was
obliged to remain at an inn until he knew the
event of the disorder, which unfortunately ter-
minated the young man's existence. "Adieu,
my faithful servant. How unfortunate am I to
survive every friend that makes life desirable!
for such thou truly wast to me: Thou hast borne
my infirmities of temper, and served me with
affection and respect." His funeral was conduc-
ted with great solemnity; and his master attend-
ed along with the master of the inn as mourn-
ers. He did not want to hire another servant;
but, selling one of his horses, he returned by slow
journeys towards London. Passing at twilight
through a solitary wood, he was surprised by a
young fellow leaping through the bushes; and
knocking him off his horse, demanded his mo-
ney. Augustus without any reply gave him his
purse. He took it and rushed out of sight.
Augustus re-mounted his horse, and was reflect-
ing how he should be able to get to town. In
a short time he was overtaken by the same man,
who, in a tremulous voice bid him stop. This
he refused to comply with fearful of assassination
when, in an instant the man flung the purse at
Augustus. "Take back, I enjoin you, this my
first fatal plunder." "What is it you say? What
then has urged you to this fatal crime?" "O, my
God, Sir, I have a mother lays in yonder cottage
almost expiring with want. My wife is lying
in. I have been three months out of a situation
I have applied every where for relief, without
success, till urged to madness by seeing those
I loved so dearly suffer, I took this dangerous
step. O, sir, forgive me; it is, indeed my first
and it shall be my last attempt. We will perish
first. Indeed, I know my mother would go
mad if she knew it." Augustus took the rea-

tion to go to the cottage, where he found the
account literally true. He gave them what was
sufficient for the present, and promised to take
care of them which he faithfully performed.
He returned home, having received a great
benefit from his journey, with a clear conscience
and a benevolent heart.

THE

FORTUNATE ROBBERY.

By C. G. M.

THE unforeseen misfortunes to which a man is
sometimes liable, makes him in a great measure
to be pitied by the rest of his fellow creatures.
Our follies ought not to be ranked under the
head of misfortunes, neither should misfortunes
in general be deemed follies. If uncommon ac-
cidents in life, attended by calamities unfore-
seen, drive a man to the brink of destruction,
he is truly to be lamented; and the man, or wo-
man, of a true christian spirit, should endeavor
at all events, to assist a fellow sufferer.

There are many among the rich and affluent,
who are so taken up with trifles of their own,
that they cannot spare time to look into the
troubles of their fellow creatures; neither do
they care what becomes of the rest of mankind
provided their own turns are served.

The Allerman in the ensuing story, does
not appear to be any way connected with the
number of those I have been just speaking of
but seems truly to sympathize with the misfor-
tunes of his fellow creatures.

Mr. Dorimont, an agreeable young gentleman
of the county of Stafford, who had but a very
small fortune of his own, but great dependence
on his relations, was a youth of fine accomplish-
ments, and sound, firm principles. His friends
placed him with a respectable Stationer, in the
City of Westminster, where his conduct was
highly approved of. During his apprenticeship,
he fell violently in love with Angelica, a
young Lady of Respectability in the same City,
of a large fortune, which she had in her own
hands; and who had, within her heart, no less a
passion for him. Whether it was their dispro-
portion of fortunes, or caprice in the Lady I
know not; but, though she scrupled not to en-
courage his addresses, and give him her compa-
ny upon all occasions without reserve, yet she
thought proper to conceal her passion from him.
With all the art he could use he could never
draw from her, either a confession of her love or
promise of marriage. In this uncertain state he
continued his addresses to her, being determin-
ed to gain her if possible, and at a very great
expence for one in his circumstances. His con-
stant endeavour was to study every taste, and
pursue each method that seemed most agreeable
to his beloved Angelica; all which the capri-
cious Lady could be no stranger to; so that at
length, he had run through all he could com-
mand; and his employer becoming a bankrupt,
he was reduced to the greatest necessity imagi-
nable. In this exhausted condition, the lovely

Angelica had one day by appointment, desired his company with her to some public entertainment. Poor Dormont being then not master of a guinea, nor knowing how to raise one, without a dreadful exposition of his unfortunate circumstances, (for he had already raised money by all the methods he could think of,) it drove him almost distract'd. In this terrible distress, after many reflections and debates within himself, he fixed upon a most desperate adventure, which no man ought ever to have thought of, which was, to take a brace of pistols, and attempt to raise a contribution on the highway. The project no sooner came into his head, than he resolved to put it in execution, without considering the consequence. There was no time he thought, to lose; for he was destitute of money, and the next day was fixed for him to accompany his beloved Angelica as above. Being equipped for this dire expedition, he mounted a horse and set out to try his fortune. The first person he happened to meet with (hathethought worth his while to attack) was one Mr. Worby a rich Alderman and Merchant of the City of Bristol who was riding out for the benefit of the air. Our young hero, without hesitation, rides up to him, and pulling out a pistol salutes the Alderman thus: "Sir, I beg your pardon; but my necessities oblige me, and I must demand your money." The Alderman was not much afraid, as he did not swear, or threaten to blow his brain out, which is usual among those gentry: and tracing him with his eye, saw something in him, he thought that did not bespeak him a common highwayman; and putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a handful of silver, to the amount of forty shillings, which Dormont holding his hat for, the Alderman put it therein. Seeing the Alderman part with it so easily, and cheerfully, and being but young in the business, and of a quite different nature to what those kind of gentlemen in general are, it made a deep impression upon him; and holding his hat to the Alderman again, he said to him, "Sir, believe me I have tried in the world that have it in their power to prevent this. I am miserably reduced to the utmost necessity, or I would not have thus attacked you, and if you knew but my wretched situation, I am persuaded you would pity me, in the circumstance that drives me to this hazardous and hateful attempt. For ought I know this day's success may produce the sudden crisis of my fate. However Sir, if you have given me more money than you can conveniently spare I'd give nothing from you but your charity." It is saying this in a very moving manner and the Alderman perceiving in his countenance something sweet persuasive and nobly pitiful, and his eyes moistened with tears, putting his hand into his pocket again, he replied to him thus: "If Sir, it be really true what you have advanced, and that you are induced by distress, if these can be of any service to you in redeeming you from your misfortunes, there are a couple of guineas more for you, that I don't at present want, and are at your service." Here the Alderman immediately threw them into his hat, to the silver. "But, (continued he,) I would advise you to reflect upon this hazardous and dreadful employment, and save yourself from ruin, if you possibly can, in time. For my part, I shall never hurt you; but, indeed, in my opinion, you have launched into a gulph of mortal danger."

To be Continued.

REMARK—Allow a man to have wit, and he will show you to have judgment.

The following soft and descriptive song is from the pen of Cunningham, the pastoral poet, and a most beautiful description cannot be found in the works of Theocritus or Virgil.

O'er moorlands and mountains, red, barren and bare;
As wilder'd and wearied I roam;
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home;

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strow'd on the floor;
Her casement sweet woodbines creep'd wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at the door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she call'd me the best,
Till, thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes: she sweetly replied,
Ye virgins, her voice was divine,
I've rich ones neglected, and great ones denied
But take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now joined together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks of yon stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range on the slow rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes of my Muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The daisies of humble descent,
The cottage Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

The following Lines are descriptive of the Sentiments of a bereaved Husband, on visiting the Grave of a recently deceased Wife.

THE LONG FAREWELL.

Sit ubi Terra leviss.

From every glittering, radiant flower that blows,
And sheds its fragrance round the varied land,
I cul'd, with choicest care, the opening rose,
With choicest care I treas'd it to my hand.

Ah, much lov'd flower! but born to blush unknown,
'And waste its sweetness on the desert air;
Solicitous I lov'd her to the town,
And join'd a husband's to a father's care.

Not vain or proud, unconscious of her charm,
Though by the Graces and the Virtues bless'd;
A maid unmatch'd—the best my longing arm
Of Genius, Goodness, Virtue, Taste possess'd.

As yet unconscious of the hand of Time,
Which nor her looks had thin'd nor touch'd her bloom;
Ere yet the morn of life had reach'd its prime,
Disease reduced her to the silent tomb!

There glows the Evening Star we oft admir'd—
The plants her rural hands had rais'd remain;
But the dear object, most of all desir'd,
The blooming Flower of flowers I seek in vain!

Far from the noises of strife the busy throng;
Where the low murmuring brook still pours the wave;
And lonely footsteps silent pass along,
The rural Virtues have a rural Grave!

No longer collects pour their torrents down,
The firm earth shaking with tremendous roar,
No storms assail, or darkening tempests frown,
The wild waves dashing on the sea beat

But calm as was her life her silent bed,
The gentle water full at distance hear,
But flowers and sweets around her ever spread,
Be peace, and tranquil skies, forever there

From the Desk of Poor Robert The

What great effects from little causes spring
What wealth doth labor well directed bring

A single stroke of an axe is of little consequence by the continued application of that small properly directed, what amazing effects are produced! The sturdy oak and lofty pine do not want power, but while forests fall before the wilderness becomes a garden.

Industry well directed, will give any man a competency in ten years. The greatest industry, applied, is useless.

My neighbor, Samuel Steady, is not only an industrious man, but his industry is applied directly to the object. His hammer is heard at the crowing cock, and the fire blazes in his shop during the evenings from the 20th of September to the 20th of March, according to the Saybrook Plan. Go to his shop at any time of the day and behold plane iron or a plough share, or a grate or iron, you are sure to be promptly supplied. The sequence is, his old purse is filled with dollars, his cellar well stored with beef, pork and cider, that's what I call comfortable! Although a liberal, and enjoying the good thing of life as on, ten years of health will enable him to be a best plantation in the country.

But then there's my young friend Nathan N. he is the busiest and most industrious mortal I know; but as the old saying is, 'he has too many in the fire,' and with all his industry behind hand.

He has a fine farm; but instead of pursuing cultivation of it, he flies off and seizes on every project that occurs. Last year, after having a number of fields of grain, he resolved to rent his soil the grain on the ground, buy a team, and haul; for by a nice calculation he had proved money might be made by it: A team was procured after one or two trips, National concluded his team, built a saw mill, and go largely in lumbering. The dam was completed, the iron and three-fourth of the expense incurred, when a nice calculation (for no one makes nicer calculations) he found that an oil mill would afford the best and to work he went with great industry build oil mill. I happened to go by there a week after wards, and the whole organization of the mill undergoing an alteration to fit up for a cotton woolen manufactory.

A quizzical neighbor of mine intends to propose him to abund in his present object, and to largely into the manufacture of flour; I have at least doubt but Nathan will readily accede to the proposal.

So Sir, with all his industry and expences, neither benefiting himself nor the public. So course continued ten years, would sink the best in the country.

ANECDOTES.

At one of the principal theatres in Ireland, the audience were lately dismissed, for lack of room with the following address: "Ladies and Gentlemen, as there is nobody here worth playing to, this play be repeated to-morrow evening."

A Gentleman relating one night at a coffee-house, Oxford, that Dr. B. had put out his leg in a kick, five surgeons immediately set the Doctor's apartments, but returned dismayed, saying no such thing had happened: "Why (said the gentleman) how can a man cross a kennel without putting out his leg?"

THE GENEROUS HOST.

The Cardinal of Est one day invited the Cardinal of Ely to dinner. In the course of the evening the latter who was very fond of cards, prevailed on the host to introduce them. After playing several games with equal success, they were at length urged by the spirit of the game to a bet of ten thousand francs. The Cardinal of Est, having looked at his cards, mixed his cards with the rest of the pack, and tacitly admitting he had less. A gentleman present, who had seen the Cardinal of Est, and knew he must have won had he played, took an opportunity of interrogating him on this conduct. "I know very well," answered Cardinal Est, "that I must have won; but I was betrayed into the bet by passion of play; and, on consideration I did not think I ought to invite my friend to my house to strip of his money."

ON A PASSAGE IN STERNE.

In the 13th chapter of *Peverels*, verse the 12th, we find Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. A thought, in almost the same language, is introduced by Sterne into his beautiful picture of the captive. "I beheld his body half wasted away by long expectation and confinement, and felt what sickness of the heart it was that arises from deferred." We may therefore conclude that he took this passage in his view whilst he was writing it.

Weekly Museum

NEW-YORK, JULY, 14, 1811

Report of interments in this city and at Pottery Field, from the 29th June to July 6.

Diseases — Apoplexy 1, asthma 1, cancer 1, child cholera 1, consumption 11, convulsions 6, decay 2, decay 1, drinking cold water 5, dropsy 3, fever in the head 3, drowned 1, dysentery 2, typhoid fever 3, infantile flux 5, hives 1, jaundice 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, intemperance or intoxication 1, liver disease 1, old age 1, small pox 7, stillborn 4, syphilis 2, teething 5, vomica 1, white swell, Total 74.

J. MORTON, City Inspector. His report it will be recollected was closed on evening the 5th inst.

SHOCKING MURDER!!

Text of a letter from a gentleman, in Greenbrough, (Guilford) to his friend in Raleigh dated May 23d, 1811.

A cruel murder has just been committed in the neighborhood of this place. A negro belonging to Major Welborne of Kewanee, being that a Mr. Wheeler of this country, son of Dep River, on the Salisbury road had some money, formed a plan of killing Wheeler and all the grown persons in his house. He kept a grog-shop, and the negro being on at the house, asked and obtained permission to stay all night. At a late hour of the evening he prepared for his enterprise, by setting the doors of the house and placing the fire near to the wall; and then took down an iron pot-rack, and went to Wheeler's chamber. Wheeler's wife first discovered him; she and her husband, who in attempting to rise, were struck down. The blow, although not mortal; he leaped from the bed, seized the negro, who continued his blows, and by an act of desperate exertion, after turning a spinning wheel to pieces to get a weapon, succeeded in throwing the negro out of the door, which he instantly shot, and killed a Mr. Frazier, who was lying in the room asleep, to jump up and get his

gun, which was in the room over the opposite door. The negro ran to the house, and entered the door just at the moment Frazier was approaching it to get the gun; he struck Frazier down, and pushed forward across the room to Wheeler, who opened the door and ran; the negro pursued him and in about a hundred yards he overtook him—Wheeler threw him down & had the better of the combat for some time; but being at length exhausted by the loss of blood he begged his life; the negro told him he would spare his life if he would tell where his money was; Wheeler told him and the negro left him and returned to the house, where he found Wheeler's mother, an old woman of sixty or seventy years of age, weeping over Frazier who was still lying on the floor apparently dead. He struck the old woman over the head and killed her instantly. He looked under one of the beds and found there a Mr. Thomas, who being drunk, had during the time the negro was out of the house, got out of bed and crawled under it. He was dragged out and beaten until he appeared to be dead. The negro then took all the money he could find and went away. Wheeler's wife crept behind a large chest, and was not discovered; otherwise she would have shared the same fate. The skulls of Frazier and Thomas are broken to pieces—they were alive on yesterday, but no hope is entertained of their recovery. Wheeler will probably get well. The negro has been apprehended and is now in jail, there is no doubt of his conviction.

Virginia Paper.

Extract of a Letter dated Bath, (Mass)

June 19, 1811.

"An unhappy affair took place in this town on Friday last. It seems, agreeably to the reports in circulation, that a mob composed principally of sailors, had several times collected before the house of Capt. Trefethen, and insulted him by throwing stones, &c at his windows, for, as they say, abusing his wife—one report goes further and says, they once mounted him on a rail. Be that as it may, on Friday last, after submitting to the above for some considerable length of time he fired a gun from his window and killed one man dead on the spot; the mob ignorant of the fact, continued their depredations. He fired a second time and wounded another." The name of the man killed was McLane. Our informant does not give the name of the man wounded, but observes, that he belongs to Providence Rhode-Island, and that the Physicians have pronounced the wound mortal.

London, May 22.

MONGO PARKE.

The *Merced*, which arrived a few days ago at Plymouth, has brought accounts from Africa, which completely put an end to all hopes of the existence of Mungo Parke, the enterprising traveller. The search that had been made after him tended fully to confirm the accounts previously received of his destruction. It seems the immediate cause of his death was a fever, brought on by the hard-ship he endured. He drew his last breath in the hovel of an old negro woman. Not a vestige of his papers has been received.

During the warm days last week in this city, there was upwards of thirty sudden deaths, twenty two of which were occasioned by imprudently drinking cold water.

COURT OF HYMEN

When kindred souls in happy union join,
How sweet their joys, thine pleasure how divine!

MARRIED

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore Mr. Joshua W. Bird of Starch Island to Mrs. Jane Lee of this city.

MORTALITY.

When sweet remembrance of the just,
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust

DIED.

On Tuesday night, Mr. Charles Francois De Rancie, aged 56 years, a respectable and worthy inhabitant of St. Pierre, in the Island of Martinique.

On Friday evening Abraham Sheldon Usher, late of the city of Dublin.

On Saturday last Mr. George Clibland at Elizabethtown, N. J. on the 25th ult Miss Ke-turah Cox, a native of Charleston, S. C.

At Albany, on Thursday morning last, Doctor Hunlock Woodruff, of Albany, in the 57th year of his age.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner Cisterns made, & put in the ground and warranted tight by
G. ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street near the Watch house

PERFUMERY, &c

J. Tice returns his grateful acknowledgement for the generous encouragement he has received, and begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has removed to No. 112 William Street, one door north of John Street, he solicits a continuance of public Patronage. Such Ladies and Gentlemen, who honour him with their commands may depend on having their articles Genuine, of the first Quality, and at the most reasonable prices.

He has now for sale a general assortment of Perfumery among which are the following scarce articles
Viz) Vegetable Eau de Cologne Eau de Lavande de Fargeon, Odour of Roses Huile Antique for curling & glossing the hair, ess Rose de musk de citron Bergamot Lavender Lemon Orange Camellie Mille Flowers Lavender water Calque water Honey water Hongrie water Rose water Eau de Jamin eau de Orange eau de meel Bailey's Lotion a safe speedy & efficacious Remedy for all eruptions of the skin. Almond paste an article that has not its equal for softening smoothing cleaning and whitening the hands Pearl powder for immediately whitening the skin producing a Natural and pleasing effect, Crepe'nd' It's it emits Les couleurs naturelles it gives the most delicate Bloom to the complexion & so natural that it cannot be distinguished by the most critical observation, Rouge in tablets De mau Martin Rouge vegetable Vinaigre de Rouge carmine &c

SOAPS

Law's Oriental Saponaceous Compound Watson's Transparent Soap Savoy de Naples Alfine Shaving Soap Shaving Powder Jasmine Paleu Violet Vegetable & Windsor Soaps Wash Balls, &c.

Tooth Brushes Dragon's Root do. do with Tongue Scrapers Carbonic and Rose Tooth Powder Tooth Picks Nail Brushes Hair do. &c Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair Dressing Cases with a variety of other articles in his line.

J. TICE likewise continues to Manufacture his superior staining Liquid Blacking which for beauty, ing & preserving Leather has no equal.

Also, Tices Chemical Compound for cleaning boots Pops, Saddles, &c

The superior quality of these articles is too well known to need a recommendation but a trial will convince a few Ladies Fashionable Hats for Ladies to be sold cheap

COURT OF APOLLO.

From the Courier.

THE BATTLE OF ASPERN.

On the banks of the Danube, as slowly descending
Came night with her ebony shield,
The contest of warriors most happily ending,
And hiding the gore of the field;

When the clashing of arms were no more to be heard
And the soldier fatigued with his toil,
For the life that was saved, his rude anthem pre-
ferred,
Or slept on his ill gotten spoil;

Came a damsel, that morning who rose to delight,
That morn'g bid her lover adieu,
As she braced on his helm for the terrible fight,
And swore to be constant and true.

But vain was the vow For the rude hand of war
Had parted the youth and the maid,
And vain was her search, as she sought him afar,
Mid the havoc the battle had made.

She sought him in vain for the wreck of the day
Had marr'd every warrior's form.
All blacken'd, and riven, and blasted they lay,
Like trees 'neath the pitiless storm.

Now wild as her ringlets flowed loose in the air,
She called on the youth, whom she loved;
So frantic her grief, and so sad her despair,
No tiger had heard her unmoved.

Ah! wherefore my love could you leave me alone,
Leave a maiden so tender and true?
Why leave your glad cottage to fight for a throne,
And a monarch, who thought not of you.

Say, dark rolling stream, where the battle has storm-
ed,
Where repose the bright arms of the brave?
O yield me my Edward, tho' pale and deform'd,
He float on thy blood mingled wave.

A ghostly response from the billows ascended,
The voice of her lover was there,
She sought his embrace, and in misery ended
The life of a maid in despair.

ARION.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

The following Lines are by Lord Byron; who in
a strain and sentiment, thus deplores the loss of
an amiable youth, a victim to intense study.

Unhappy W'ite, while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just wad her joyous wing,
The spoiler came—all, all thy promise fair,
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there,
Oh what a noble heart was here undone!
What Science's self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yet she too much indulg'd the fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seed, but death has reap'd the fruit.
I was thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd along the plain,
No more thro' rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own father on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
Keen were his pains, but keener far to feel,
He nurs'd the pain that impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

To be sold by private contract, a beautiful Monkey
a Parrot, two Spaniels, and a tortoise shell coloured
Tom Cat, the property of a Lady, just married, who
has no further use for the same.

CHEAP SHOES RE



At 91 Broadway,

Opposite Trinity Church

The following assortment of Ladies Shoes, selu
ling off at the most reduced prices:
A large and elegant supply of the new fashioned
Shoes to buckle double and single soles
Likewise London dress slips to buckle the latest
fashion from Europe
Grecian Sandals and all the different kinds of Lace
Shoes now worn
Slips Boots and Lace Boots
Misses and Childrens Shoes of all the above fash
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March 30

1136—tf

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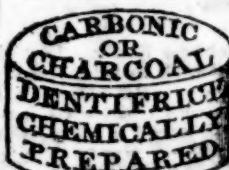
Monday, 2d September,

At 1 o'clock at the T. C. H. the following
of land, in great Harleburg patent, viz. lot
6, in subdivision of lot No. 66, in great lot
49, 365 acres; lot No. 10 and 11 in subdivi
sion of lot No. 21, in great lot No. 2, 1502

Also, an undivided fourth part of the one
of the lot No. 68, in great lot No. 1, about
acres. Terms, half cash on delivery of the
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To Lease, a piece of ground in Green
street, between Harrison and Provost streets,
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lot being near the river, is well calculated
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